



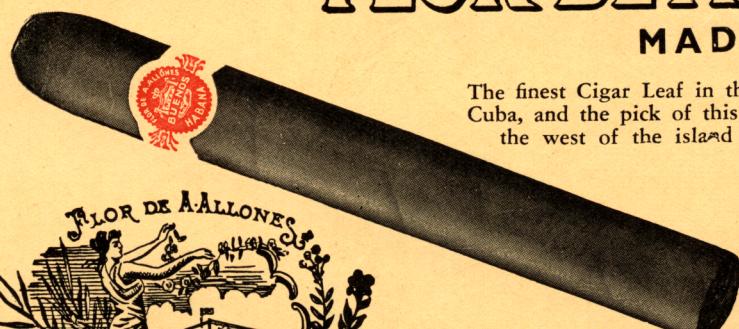
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 12. No. 11. 1st January, 1940.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney*

Vol 12.

JANUARY 1, 1940.

No. 11.

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•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 11th May, 1940.

The Club Man's Diary

January birthdays: Messrs. P. Kearns, 1st; F. G. Spurway, 8th; J. A. Chew, 10th; Col. T. L. F. Rutledge, 11th; E. D. Clark, 14th; A. C. W. Hill, 16th; G. V. Dunwoodie, 17th; C. F. Viner Hall, 21st; A. C. Ingham, 26th; N. Stirling, 27th; E. J. Hazell, 29th; R. H. Alderson, 30th.

* * *

*We've put the holidays behind;
We're back, alack, the same old
grind*

*Poor mortals claim. Bereft are we
Of all that sweet festivity
But yet we'll spare an hour or so
For birthday toasts—and, here's a
go!*

* * *

Tattersall's Club claims two Lord Mayors in succession; that is to say, Ald. Sir Norman Nock, and his successor in the office, Ald. S. S. Crick, are members. Congratulations to the one on the fine, unselfish service he gave, and best wishes to the other for the opportunities to do similarly, as we know is his purpose as Sydney's first citizen.

* * *

The weather on Saturday and again on Monday threatened to play atrocious tricks on the club's annual race meeting. First, a gale that others consoled us—as we, in turn, consoled others—would blow itself out, threatened to put up the performance of a bolter and blow us out instead.

At one stage, not a few had the wind up, apart from the girl who was blown so high that it seemed she would balloon over the judge's box.

And the gentleman who chased his bowler, the while making at it wild, ineffectual sweeps with a walking stick, lusty work such as I have observed Syd Baker at, addressing his ball in the rough.

However, the man regained his bowler and the girl regained her balance. Strangely, there were no photographers present.

Either incident would have provided a memento, framed with the spectacle of an excited club member

breasting the wrong bookmaker to collect and being told: "Santa Claus has come and gone."

Indeed, it was a day, by and large, when I should have brought my camera, rather than my field glasses. I would have spotted more worth while among the crowd of advancing humans than racehorses in reverse on the track.



Rt. Hon. Alderman S. S. Crick,
Lord Mayor of Sydney.

Still, it was a pleasant luncheon (as usual) splendid reunions, warm handclasps and sincere wishes by pals of many years—such as the Chairman—and acknowledgements that were accepted as being more than casual say-so.

Those meetings, those greetings, represented the difference between friendship and acquaintance. How often are the two mixed, nowadays. It isn't that we are not candid with others so much as that we are not honest with ourselves. Friendship is a straight-out bet; the other a place spec on the tote.

The morning of the second day, the Monday, revealed low-hanging, leaden clouds, and a suggestion could scarcely be subdued that the second chapter of Sunday's storm might be writ across the heavens.

True, some of our brows were still heavy from the Saturday evening, and the murk had not cleared from our outlook. Those clouds probably appeared blacker than really they were. By the time we sat down to luncheon the sun was putting in a fine run, and a refreshing breeze was being whipped up from the rear of the meteorological field.

One studied the reactions of the fellows around him at table almost with pathological fervour. Asked a good friend what he liked for the second. "Just at the moment I'm going for a recovery on the last of last night," he said, sipping his champagne. So it was as bad as all that!

Later, in the official stand, I told him that for the first time I had discovered what was meant by having a saver on a horse. Before the running of the Carrington a man I had known in the past approached and put it something like this: "Don't know what you've backed, but I'll save a quid with you." I told him Bradford. "Mine's Delmestor," he replied showing me the betting ticket.

We watched the race together and, after I had treated him to a drink, he walked out into the ring to collect, bidding me stay put on a certain spot. Well, he must have taken all that afternoon and all day Monday to locate the bookie. I saw him going all right. Probably, thereafter, he saw me coming. Strange I should have attended so many race meetings over the years without really knowing the meaning of a saver.

My friend of the luncheon listened intently. "Have you ever met a life saver?" he inquired. "Come and have one." After that he really began to sparkle. "All the heads are at Randwick to-day—and many of them still throbbing," he commented, sweeping a hand in the direction of the bar.

Mr. W. T. Kerr told me of a strange feature associated with a near coup in the Carrington. The intention had been to scratch his mare, Talkalot, because the distance was regarded as being too short.

Somehow the scratching was overlooked, and Mr. Kerr, accepting odds of 33 to 1, got a great run for his money, besides collecting the second prize of £200.

Mr. Kerr's jockey, Darke, while riding the dark horse almost to victory in the Carrington, did the trick in Tattersall's Club Cup.

It was Mr. Kerr's lucky day on Monday. Among others he backed was Radio Queen, the tip to him of a well-known trainer who couldn't fathom the favouritism accorded High Rank.

(Since the foregoing was penned, disaster overtook Talkalot. She broke a pastern in galloping, and was destroyed. Everybody will sympathise with Mr. Kerr. Yet it may be deemed better not to alter what was written before the accident and so retain the impression of a happier occasion.)

Somebody's placing of an adjective in comment on a horse (as it happened) made Mr. E. J. Tait, J.C.W.'s managing director, start and look around. What the man said was, "No bally good"; not "no ballet good." I would also like Harald Bowden—not to forget Claude Kingston—to feel assured on that score, even though with all three, at various times, I've enjoyed something with a kick in it, apart from the ballet.

Mr. Arthur Ingham and I became involved in a discussion on worry, of all subjects. I quote a motto hung in a big man's office, and which I read 25 years ago: "Work never killed any man; worry is the rust on the blade." We agree that worry never aided the solution of any issue; that if you had a nature that worried, you had better exchange it for another one. It all seemed so simple, like tossing into the discard a hat or a tie you disliked. So we drank to the New Enlightenment.

The hats (including Harald Baker's and E. J. Tait's) intrigued me. And the ties—well, you have your choice from a spectacular collection, in particular those sported by Messrs. Hardy, Dovey, Warwick Armstrong and Stephen Cole. If points be award for collar (as a

background) my nominee is the last named.

There was a time when the distinction in hats rested between the late Mr. John Spencer Brunton and Mr. Penfold Hyland. Nobody seemed able quite to repeat their models. Now, I notice, Mr. Greg Keighery has come into the field. Not only with head-gear, either.

Then you had your choice in summer suitings between those displayed



DELMESTOR
Winner of The Carrington Stakes,
1938 and 1939.

by Messrs. Dave Craig and Bill Dovey. Among the brown studies, Mr. W. J. Smith's and Mr. W. H. Mackay's attracted notice (according to a lady who, from outside the barrier of the official stand, cast an appraising eye over the assembly).

Mr. Otway Falkiner still favoured the turn-down felt that dates back probably to The Banker days—the model, I mean.

Mr. Hugh Macken told me he had gone for a win on Micawber. Several races later he appeared still to be waiting for something to turn up.

Close-ups: Dr. Stratford Sheldon holding what appeared to be a post-mortem on form in the previous race. Fred Gawler pondering over something of paramount importance. George Rowe sprouting a real Scotch thistle—challenge to the heather of Johnny Ruthven. Llewellyn Brown tries something Scotch, for the sake of the day. John

Hickey turning over and over the pages of his race book, evidently trying to strike a balance—not keep a balance.

Two Reg's confer—Reg Inglis and Reg Alderson. So what? Sir Samuel Hordern points out one in the racebook to Sir Norman Nock. Sir Samuel makes for the tote. Sir Norman waits—evidently better simple faith than Norman blood. Told to back Grey Derby because of the all tartan colours—by a Yiddisher friend! Handicapper G. F. Wilson explained his early night on New Year's Eve as having been due to the fact that he must occasionally take care of his own form. And a hearty greeting from my old friend Ted Gillin.

Committeemen Frank Underwood and John H. O'Dea beckon me to follow them—but understand when I explain that the stage is reached when I'm knocking 'em back like a Bradman. Mr. Justice McTiernan gives a ruling on something referred to him in the race book. Committeeman H. C. Bartley finds interest in the sprig of heather sported by J. M. Forsyth. Mr. Speaker Weaver silent after the big race. "Well, another luncheon," Col. Bruxner greets me, as we leave after the repast on Monday. "We have met there so many years. "They'll soon be toasting us as permanent visitors," I say.

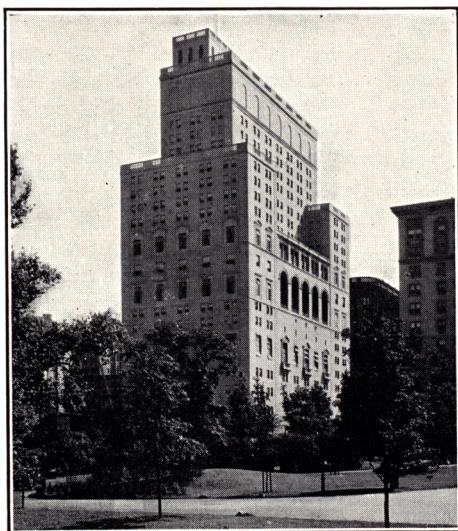
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Here's a man doing something of real worth—and it's not a commercial proposition! Hail to Mr. A. Jewel, who has purchased 2,000 acres on the Colo River to make a sanctuary for birds and wild animals, and to preserve an area of blue gum forest in its natural state. While we possess such men, rare as they are, we do not despair of the redemption of this besotted world and of those who find it hard to do anything out of which for themselves they are due to get nothing. What life, as it is lived by many to-day, really wants is more of the gospel of give, less of the policy of gimme.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. L. J. Heron on his appointment as King's Counsel, fitting acknowledgement of a career of distinction, and one

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

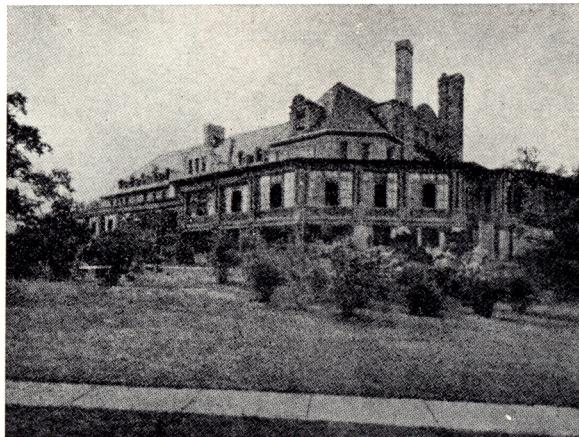


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The Club Man's Diary

justly earned. While confessing frankly that we have gone to no end of pains to avoid the law—and intend so to pursue our purpose—we yet indulge often a sly preference for men of law as persons of tolerance and human understanding. Seek a good lawyer and you'll generally find, into the bargain, a good fellow.

* * *

Before "The Star" set in 1910 to rise again effulgently as "The Sun," there was a lively young chap on the literary staff, Charlie Clancy by name. He used to concern himself as poetically with recording fat stock sales and bringing the atmosphere of Flemington into Castle-reagh Street as others painted the columns with gore—as police roundsmen did—or perfumed pages with flowers of speech, as leader writers did, and do. Charlie was always a quiet, earnest, friendly fellow. Least of all was he suspected of having dreamed that one day he would—

Well, he had, and he did. The recorder of bullocks and baas finally became a station owner with a banking account; a most unjournalistic acquirement. But he remained the same quiet, earnest, friendly fellow. It was a shame that he should die in the early 'fifties. Very many to whom he was well known in this club, of which he was a member, agreed that a really good fellow had been parted from us.

* * *

A man's most cherished possession is his wife, the girl of his early

choice, his golden link with romance, the mother of his family, the head of his household, his sternest, yet most kindly critic. Her value cannot be assessed by ordinary standards, just as her loss cannot be compensated for by any consideration of success. The passing of a wife, therefore, stints us for words adequately to express sympathy. Yet we feel that Mr. A. U. Tonking, the Chief Secretary, will interpret truly the promptings of our hearts



BINNIA HERO
Winner of Tattersall's Club Cup, 1940.

when we express to him a sorrow, simple and sincere, in the loss of his devoted wife. We trust that time shall bring to him a healing balm.

* * *

Have you noticed that books of bewildering variety in their treatment of the common subject of war have been issued since the shadow commenced to settle on Europe several years ago? Actual hostilities, short of providing an armistice, have proved a stimulation. Auth-

ors and other adventurers have beaten their pens into trowels, and are laying it on thick and warry, which is to say, gory. How much by this avalanche of leaves is the world served or salved? The world has too much on its mind at present to be burdened by close-reasoned articles. The stuff it wants, will read, and from which it will derive most comfort and cheer, is that which preaches a normal optimism in the lighter vein.

As I see the best-seller to-day it would be a Book of Confidence; in all a book of Good Argument, Good Cheer and Good Intentions; a book that will clear our minds and cleanse our hearts of the dross of pessimism, that will give us, besides, confidence, competence and courage.

You, dear reader, may not be one of the necessitous cases. But I know, and you know—even though we keep it to ourselves—of a fellow or fellows apt to adopt a defeatist attitude toward the war itself or towards life as it is lived on the home front. This may be evidenced in various ways, but the result is the same—a slowing-down of industry, involving unemployment, meaning—more people with less money to spend.

I do not know the solution for a state of mind such as that, other than might be found in a Book of Confidence to which every man might contribute a chapter—for the good of himself, forgetting the other fellow's deficiencies—once he checked his own outlook and dissipated his distortions.

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RURAL MEMBERS

Mr. Stewart Hales, of Bourke.

If ever Stewart Hales of Bourke decides to write his autobiography he can be certain of a large order from his multitude of friends who have, over a long term of years, come to regard him as one of their own.

Stewart is a real "chip off the old block" and has made his way in life in similar manner to that of his dad.

There is a story here worth the telling. It records how in the early days of Bourke a firm styled E. Rich and Coy. blossomed forth as general providers.

There were over one hundred employees of whom Hales *pere* was one. But energy and keen business instinct brought about a change.

Came the day when Hales Senr. approached his employers and asked how much they required for the business—lock, stock and barrel.

Whatever was said at that interview is known only to those concerned but in short time Hales Senr. had the right to put his own name over the doorway as proprietor. For business reasons, however, the trading name was allowed to remain.

Stewart is built of the same stuff and ever since he was able to take his place among things of importance to Bourke and district he has done so with unflagging zeal.

A Digger, Stewart was largely responsible for the formation of the Bourke Digger Racing Club, which has flourished from its inception and enjoys deserved popularity.

A typical Australian of the best type, Stewart reaches more than six feet from the ground and every inch is 22 carat.

Popular to a degree, the general concensus of opinion is unanimous —his like are all too few and far between.

Mr. Stanley R. Coward, of Riverslea.

Stanley R. Coward is one of the well-known family of that ilk long famed in the pastoral world. For more than half a century the Coward brand has been known and respected at home and abroad.

Coward Senr. started activities in a large way as owner of Belalie Station in the Bourke District. Nowadays, Stan keeps his flock to standard on his Riverslea property near Cowra and on the banks of the Lachlan River.

Selected with astuteness for which the family is renowned, Riverslea produces some of the best of our medium fleeces while the rich nature of the country hereabouts has proved excellent for fattening cattle.

When not engaged in rural pursuits, "S.R.C." turns attention turfdom in which he is a live figure. Who will forget the exploits of that fine mare Venetian Lady who bore the Coward brand? And there have been, and are, many others. The land and turf can be reckoned the two biggest things in Stan's life, and in each he has displayed enthusiasm on a par with his recognised ability. Success always followed. Apart from his Cowra property, Stan has an interest, with his brothers, in the Warbreccan Station in Queensland, which contains, according to official data, one million acres and is capable of carrying one hundred thousand sheep. Small wonder, then, that members enjoy Stan's company far less frequently than they desire—but, once around Warbreccan on a tour of inspection represents as much travelling almost as many of us take when on annual "long leave." Thanks to Randwick and kindred spots we do get a fleeting glance now and again.

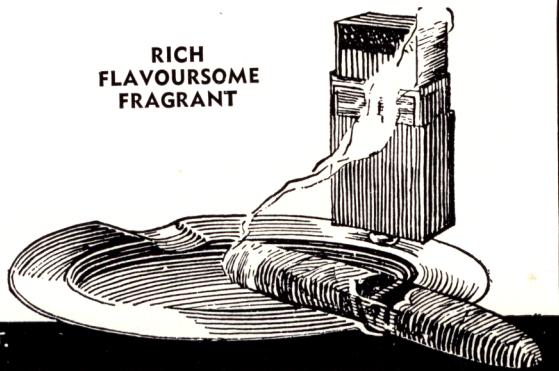
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

may, we think, pride itself on its Dining Room, which in its widest sense is the real social centre of Club activity. Visitors from overseas have recently praised the general conduct and management of this important phase of our establishment, and with this members will readily agree. Away altogether from the number of regular diners who make the Dining Room their meal-time rendezvous more or less regularly is the patronage being given to the excellent opportunities available for private entertainment in that respect. After all, that is not altogether surprising, for where better than at the head of a table can the average man, when in the company of congenial souls, to whom he is extending the little courtesies and pleasantries of civilised life, show to advantage? Man was ever a gregarious animal, and Nature never intended him to live and feed alone; even prehistoric man, with all his crudity and bare, hairy chest, as he crouched in his dark, evil-smelling rocky cave, desired to share, we like to suppose, a mastodon steak or a succulent piece of venison with either the lady of his choice, her aunt, her uncle, or with his brother tribesman. The general associations connected with the somewhat mundane, but very necessary process of eating in order to live, have always been, and must continue to be, of considerable moment to the individual, and in a larger community sense, in the general affairs of life. Oscar Wilde made Lord Illingworth say in "A Woman of No Importance" to his illegitimate son, Gerald Arbuthnot, "The man who can dominate a London dinner table, Gerald, can dominate the world," which passage, though perhaps in a somewhat exaggerated way, eloquently draws attention to the importance of one's dining in the ordinary economy of things as they are in the world nowadays.

By members giving greater patronage towards the Dining Room, an even more satisfactory standard of cuisine and attention may be aimed at and attained than that which at present may be claimed justly by this important section of the Club.

The Indispensable Opposition

Condensed from "The Atlantic Monthly"

(Walter Lippman, Author of "Men of Destiny," "A Preface to Morals," etc.)

Most men would probably confess that political freedom, that is to say the right to speak freely and to act in opposition, is a noble ideal rather than a practical necessity. It is made to appear that whereas each man claims his freedom as a matter of right, the freedom he accords to other men is a matter of toleration. But if this is the best that can be said for liberty of opinion, then we shall find that liberty of opinion is a luxury, safe only in pleasant times when men can be tolerant because they are not deeply and vitally concerned.

As a matter of historic fact, there is a much stronger foundation for the great constitutional right of freedom of speech. The compelling reason why, if liberty of opinion did not exist, we should have to invent it, why it will eventually have to be restored in all civilised countries where it is now suppressed, is that we must protect the right of our opponents to speak because we must hear what they have to say.

We miss the whole point when we imagine that we tolerate the freedom of our political opponents as we tolerate a howling baby next door, as we put up with the blasts from our neighbour's radio because we are too peaceable to heave a brick through the window. If this were all there is to freedom of opinion, it would be difficult to say whether we are tolerant because we are magnanimous or because we are lazy, whether we have the hospitality of an inquiring mind or the indifference of an empty mind. If we wish to understand why freedom is necessary in a civilised society, we must begin by realising that because freedom of discussion improves our own opinions, the liberties of other men are our own vital necessity.

When we pay the doctor to exercise complete freedom of speech

about the cause and cure of our stomach-ache we do not look upon ourselves as tolerant and magnanimous. We have enough common sense to know that if we threaten to put the doctor in gaol because we do not like the diagnosis and the prescription, it will be unpleasant for the doctor, to be sure, but equally unpleasant for our own stomach-ache. That is why even the most ferocious dictator would rather be treated by a doctor who was free to think and speak the truth than by his own Minister of Propaganda. The totalitarian rulers think they do not need the freedom of an opposition: they exile, imprison or shoot their opponents. We, on the basis of practical experience that goes back to Magna Charta, pay the opposition salaries out of the public treasury.

The emphasis is generally put on the right to speak, as if all that mattered was that the doctor should be free to go out into the park and explain to the vacant air why I have a stomach-ache. Surely that is a miserable caricature of the great civic right which men have bled and died for. For what really matters is that the doctor should tell *me* what ails me, that I should listen to him; that if I do not like what he says I should be free to call in another doctor; and that then the first doctor should have to listen to the second doctor; and that out of all the give and take of opinions, the truth should be arrived at.

This is the creative principle of freedom of speech, not that it is a system for the tolerating of error but that it is a system for finding the truth. It may not produce the truth, or the whole truth all the time, or often, or in some cases

ever. But if the truth can be found, there is no other system which will normally and habitually find so much truth.

In a totalitarian state the people are being addressed through one broadcasting system by one man and his chosen subordinates. The orators speak. The audience listens but cannot and dare not speak back. It is a system of one-way communication. Nothing comes back to the rulers from the people except the cheers.

For while the right to talk may be the beginning of freedom, the necessity of listening is what makes the right important. No man can care profoundly that every fool should say what he likes. Nothing has been accomplished if the wisest man proclaims his wisdom in the middle of the Sahara Desert. This is the shadow. We have the substance of liberty when the fool is compelled to listen to the wise men and learn, when the wise man is compelled to take account of the fool and to instruct him, when the wise man can increase his wisdom by hearing the judgment of his peers.

Freedom of speech is best conceived by having in mind a place like the American Congress, an assembly where opposing views are represented; or the British Parliament, where men who are free to speak are also compelled to answer; or a gathering of scientists where the data, the hypothesis and the conclusion are submitted to men competent to judge them.

The essence of freedom of opinion is not in mere toleration as such but in the debate which toleration provides. This can readily be understood when we remember how differently we feel and act about different media of communication.

(Continued on page 13.)

The Outlook for Blood-Stock Breeding

The Effect of War Conditions on Racing and Some Comparisons With the Experiences of 1914-1918

In England there were about 6,000 horses in training for Flat-racing when the war started, and 2,000 yearlings were about to leave the studs or the training stables. About 4,000 thoroughbred foals were born in the first half of this year. Never in the history of racing had the popularity of the sport and its commercial interests produced so many animals.

Nothing can reveal its remarkable expansion as effectively as one glance at a collection of the annual volumes of the *Racing Calendar, Races Past*. That of 1938 is just twice as thick as that of 50 years ago, and no new feature worth considering has been added in the interval, or any other change made which might account in part for the increased bulk.

Perhaps it was to be expected that some check or set-back would come sooner or later. Anyway, it has come, and violently. If, as some have said, modern conditions led to the production of far too many bad horses, and to their use for breeding purposes, out of this great upheaval some good may arise. In the last few weeks several hundred horses have disappeared from a sphere in which they were not conspicuously meritorious or for which they showed little promise. I hope that it will not be thought that I am unmindful of the great loss the process of elimination has entailed. I had myself to decide that any further expenditure on a two-year-old, which I had bought and kept for nearly a year without any return up to the time the war started, could not reasonably be faced.

It is easy for the enthusiast, or one with a vested interest to lose a sense of proportion when advocating war-time facilities for racing. Drastic restriction and much hardship are

inevitable, and all that one can ask is little more than that there should be sufficient race meetings to enable owners to judge which of their horses are worth every effort to keep until the war is over. The British and Irish thoroughbred is the product of over 300 years selective breeding, based entirely on the race-course test. Apart from the millions of capital invested in bloodstock, studs, training establishments and racecourses, what has been accomplished is surely worth preserving during the stress of a great war, having regard to all national considerations of more vital importance.

If there had not been any racing in England during the last war, the potentialities of Gainsborough, Hurry On and Phalaris, who, with the Tetrarch, have since exerted a greater influence on the modern thoroughbred than any of their contemporaries, might never have been discovered or their inherent virtues exploited.

Phalaris brings to mind the death of Manna recently. A large proportion of thoroughbred stallions die before old age and Manna, winner of the 2,000 guineas and Derby of 1925, was seventeen years old. He was a Phalaris horse of medium size and great quality, bred by the late J. J. Maher, from Waffles, dam also of Sandwich, Parwiz and the notorious Tuppence. Fred Darling gave 6,300 guineas for Manna on behalf of Mr. H. E. Morris at Doncaster. He won twice as a two-year-old and was the last of S. Donoghue's four Derby winners at Epsom. He started a hot favourite for the St. Leger, but cracked a bone in his knee and ran badly. That was his last race. His total stake winnings were £23,534. For a Derby winner, he had fair success as a stallion. To date his offspring

have won approximately 250 races of a total value of £120,000. He was the sire of Colombo, Mannamead, Miracle, Manitoba (now at stud in Australia) and Pasca, the dam of Pasch. His fee, at first 400 guineas, was reduced to 198 sovereigns last year and to 98 sovereigns for 1939.

Rockcliffe, the dam of Rockfel, has also died at the comparatively early age of eleven years. She was by the Ascot Gold Cup winner Santorb, out of Sweet Rocket, and was bred by Lord Londonderry. As a two-year-old, trained by O. Bell, Rockcliffe ran for several selling races, and after winning a second time in this class, she was bought by Mr. F. Phillips at Chepstow for 380 guineas. At the end of that season Mr. Phillips sent her to a small sale of bloodstock held at Ascot, and Bell bought her himself for 250 guineas. Later, Lord Londonderry asked if he could have her back, and she was transferred to him. She won several races for him during the next two seasons, nearly all of them over a mile and a half.

In 1933, Lord Londonderry mated her to Felstead, the Derby winner of 1928, and she produced the filly Rockfoil, a winner of one race of one-and-a-quarter miles, worth £204. Rockcliffe was put to Felstead again in 1934, and Lord Londonderry then sold her privately to Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, the owner of Felstead, for £3,000. She was carrying Rockfel at the time. Like her mother, Rockfel began her racing career by running for a two-year-old selling plate. As she did not win it, anyone could have claimed her for the value of the plate, plus the sum for which she was entered to be sold. None did so. The potential winner of the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks of the next season, and the

best race mare seen for a long time, could have been acquired for £550.

Since that day Rockfel has won for Sir Hugo £23,431 in prize money. She has run once this season. After her victory over Glen Loan and others in the March Stakes at Newmarket, it was found that she could not be satisfactorily prepared for the Ascot Gold Cup, which was to have been her chief objective this year. She was be-

year is 500 guineas. It is charged for the services of the unbeaten Bahram and those of Solario.

Hyperion, whose stock have done so well this year that he is hailed as the most successful stud force since the mighty St. Simon, stands at 400 guineas, as do Donatello II., Fairway (the sire of Blue Peter), and Nearco. It is interesting to note the fees of other Derby winners. Cameronian, Felstead, Mahmoud

could command a fee exceeding 100 sovereigns. While referring to these details, I was struck by the fact that the number of stallions whose fees were registered for the year of 1918—after over three years of war—was 385, and only a few less than in 1914. Though there have been in recent years 25 per cent. more horses in training than there were just before the last war, the number of stallions whose fees have been



An early morning scene on the Heath at Newmarket.

lieved to be in her best form again, and many will regret not being able to see her run at Newbury or Newmarket before her retirement from racing. Rockcliffe had been repeatedly barren since the birth of Rockfel.

Turning to other breeding matters it may be noted that Lord Rosebery has fixed Blue Peter's stud fee at 400 guineas. The horse is at Mentmore Stud, and his services in his first year will be limited to 20 mares, including those belonging to his owner. The highest stud fee, registered for stallions covering this

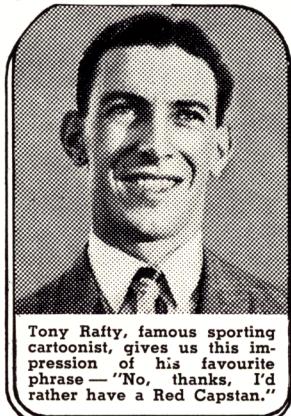
and Mid-day Sun each stands at 300 guineas; April the Fifth and Trigo covered last season at 198 sovereigns and Sansovino at 148 sovereigns.

War conditions will doubtless depress stallion fees in many instances. The reduction of a few has already been announced. In 1915, Prince Palatine (a failure at the stud) and William the Third stood at 400 guineas, and Bayardo, Lemberg and Cicero at 300 guineas. By 1918, the highest fee was 300 guineas, charged for the services of The Tetrarch, Sunstar, Swynford, Pommern and Polymelus. Apart from these, there were exceptionally few stallions who

registered this year, was very much smaller than in those days. Last year there were 255, and those registered for the covering season of 1939 numbered 274, or well over 100 less than in 1918.

A devastating European war must greatly restrict the customary export of stallions from England and Ireland, with the result that a large number of entire horses who would under normal conditions be sold to go abroad are kept at the stud, at low fees, in the hope that they will earn their keep until such time as there is a market for them.

—*Yeoman, in "The Field."*



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they're blended better!

It's always time for a Special Mild in the RED Pack
10 for 6d. - 20 for 1/- - - - Also flat and round fifties and hundreds

The Indispensable Opposition

(Continued from page 9.)

We find that insofar as the medium makes difficult the confrontation of opinion in debate, we are driven toward censorship and regulation.

For example, the whispering campaign, the circulation of anonymous rumors, put the utmost strain on our tolerance, and there are few who do not rejoice when the anonymous slanderer is caught and punished. At a higher level there is the moving picture, a most powerful medium for conveying ideas, but a medium which does not permit debate. In all free countries there is some censorship of the movies. There is then the radio. Here debate is difficult: It is not easy to make sure that the speaker is being answered in the presence of the same audience. Inevitably, there is some regulation of the radio. When we reach the newspaper press, the opportunity for debate is so considerable that discontent cannot grow to the point where under normal conditions there is any disposition to regulate the press. But when newspapers abuse their power by injuring people who have no means of replying, a disposition to regulate the press appears.

This shows us that the preservation of freedom of opinion is not only a matter of abstract legal rights but is also, and very urgently, a matter of organising sufficient debate. For experience tells us that it is only when freedom of opinion becomes the compulsion to debate that the seed which our fathers planted has produced its fruit. When that is understood, freedom will be cherished not because it is a vent for our opinions but because it is the surest method of correcting them.

The unexamined life, said Socrates, is unfit to be lived by man. This is the virtue of liberty, and the ground on which we may best justify our belief in it, that it tolerates error in order to serve the truth. By bringing men face to face with their opponents, forcing them to listen and learn and mend their

ideas, they cease to be children and savages and begin to live like civilised men. Then only is freedom a reality, when men may voice their opinions because they must examine their opinions.

The reason for dwelling on all this is that if we are to preserve democracy, we must understand its principles. And the principle which distinguishes it from all other forms of government is that in a democracy the opposition is not only tolerated as constitutional, but must be maintained because it is indispensable.

The democratic system cannot be operated without effective opposition. For in making the great experiment of governing people by consent rather than by coercion, it is not sufficient that the party in power should have a majority. It is just as necessary that the party in power should listen to the minority and be moved by the criticisms of the minority. It must remember that the minority may become the majority.

A good statesman, like any sensible human being, always learns more from his opponents than from his fervent supporters. For his supporters will push him to disaster unless his opponents show him where the dangers are. So if he is wise, he will often pray to be delivered from his friends because they will ruin him. But, though it hurts, he ought also to pray never to be left without opponents. For they keep him on the path of reason and good sense.

The unity of a free people depends upon a sufficiently even balance of political power to make it impracticable for the administration to be arbitrary and for the opposition to be revolutionary and irreconcilable. Where that balance no longer exists, democracy perishes. For unless all the citizens of a State are forced by circumstances to compromise, unless by habit and necessity they have to give and take, freedom cannot be maintained.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

The Lady Gowrie Australian Red Cross Appeal

N.S.W. Division (Inc.)



FRIDAY
15th MARCH
1940



TATTERSALL'S
CLUB will con-
duct a STALL in
Martin Place on
the above date

**Location: Corner of Martin
Place and Castlereagh
Street.**

January 1, 1940

A circular logo for "WOOLFE'S MEAT MOVES". The text is curved along the top and bottom edges of the circle. Inside the circle, there is a black and white illustration of a large herd of cattle grazing in a field. In the background, there are rolling hills or mountains, and the sky above them is filled with stylized, wispy clouds.

FROM RANGE

TO RANGE



ENJOY FRESH SAUSAGES

HENRY WOOLFE

Two Famous Meat Stores

650 GEORGE STREET . . . 130 PITT STREET
Brickfield Hill. nearly opposite General Post Office.

Billiards and Snooker

Here we are in 1940. Another year has rolled by and from the angle of the billiard room, the past twelve months have witnessed quite a revival in both billiards and snooker. Members have utilised the Club's tables much more regularly than in previous years and, it is pleasing to note, certain parties make their quiet hour on the green cloth a daily event—a certain sign that the game has gripped thoroughly and is enjoyed to the full.

Obviously, there have been many newcomers. Some have had previous experience in billiard ball manipulation endeavour whilst others have taken a cue from the rack for the first time.

One has noticed, in recent months, members receiving hints from their fellows. Another good sign.

In this issue, just to start the year well, a few hints are given for the benefit of those who desire to improve their game or become hundred-breakers.

We cannot all be in the Walter Lindrum class, but we can, at least, try to play the same sort of game.

Incidentally, there seems to be no way of stopping the Victorian freak. Time and Time again the Rules of billiards have been altered to try and put the brake on his scoring proclivities, but all to no purpose. He can, apparently, overcome every hurdle placed in his path.

During December, Lindrum played an exhibition match against ten of Victoria's leading amateurs and conceded them twenty-four thousand points start.

Each amateur played two sessions and the huge concession proved quite easy to the champion who rattled up four breaks over the thousand and broke two world's records en route. His final tally was 36,352 against (rec. 24,000) 27,988.

In his run of 2466, the champion idled along at an average rate of 100 points every 4 min. 36 sec., and took 113 minutes for the full journey. Slow for him, but time was not the essence of the contract.

Most pleasing feature of the match was that the Melbourne Lord

Mayor's Patriotic Appeal Fund benefited to the extent of nearly £500 which is all to the credit of billiards and players generally.

Lindrum's Hints.

Adverting to the promise earlier for some hints, three examples appear on this page — three shots drawn by the champion which show how he, at all times, plays one shot with a view to those to follow.

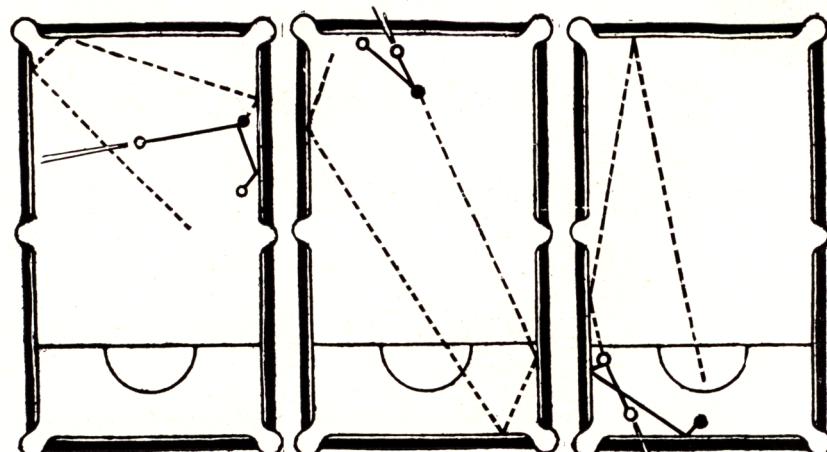
Readers will note that in each drawing the dotted line depicts the line-travel of the object-ball.

Viewed on paper, as drawn, each shot can be worked out with mathe-

slightly to the right. Contact the object-ball nearly full and concentrate on just enough power to send the object-ball up and down the table. All three balls will come to rest almost together for an easy next shot.

TWO: Here is a position where the screw-back is required and the aid of three cushions invoked to gain position. Hold the cue firmly for this stroke and strike below centre.

THREE: This shot usually provides a trap for young players. In the majority of cases cueists en-



Three Positional Shots which are fully described in accompanying article.

matical precision—that the cue-ball and the object-ball cannot, under any circumstances, move in any other direction.

Be it remembered, though, that the correct way is, unfortunately, not the only way to execute scoring shots from the positions indicated.

Most amateurs would "split" the balls first up and the break would end at two!

All that can be altered by study and the mental photograph resulting will stand the cueist in good stead through the years.

Here is an explanation of the shots depicted:

FIRST: All three balls are in baulk. It is necessary to strike the cue-ball slightly below centre and

endeavour to force-screw in-off into top pocket with the idea of doubling the object-ball across the table hard enough to bring it to rest near the third ball.

A moment of study will show that if the cannon is played the natural angle is there to bring the object-ball off three cushions into easy position.

Again the cue-ball must be struck below centre and with just a modicum of left-hand side.

Next issue an explanation of nap will be given. Probably no other medium causes so many simple shots to be missed as lack of knowledge in this regard. It offers one of the most interesting phases of the game.

For Better Health

HELIDON SPA

- * A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- * HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity . . . improves digestion . . . helps to purify the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily, Helidon Spa makes up for some of the deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

HELIDON SPA

For Better Health

Pool Splashes

Richards, Robertson and McCure Swim Under Twenty for 40 Yards.

December's swimming contests were marked by the return to the fold of stars Hans Robertson and Sid McCure, both of whom proved themselves in rare form.

"Robbie's" name had been noted amongst the topliners of Roseville Club, for which he now swims, so it was not surprising when he got mighty close to his best over 40 yards in swimming 19 1/5 and 19 3/5 in the Xmas Scramble.

McCure put up a particularly dashing effort in a 40 yards final when he held off Vic. Richards, who conceded him a second. There wasn't much in it and the times were splendid, McCure 19 2/5, Richards 18 4/5.

With all those fine times the month has been a really speedy one and it looks like a return to the days when 20 secs. was broken every week. Vic. Richards' 18 4/5 is, as far as memory serves, equal to the Club record for 40 yards.

Amongst new members who are proving acquisitions to the Club is George McGilvray, who is getting his time down toward the twenties. It looks as if 100 yards would be right in his line but the Club doesn't run many of these nowadays. Alas! the spirit is willing but the flesh weak, yes, very!

Another new member who shakes a merry stroke is Jack Shaffran, well known to travellers by "Wanganella." Passengers will miss Jack as he's now permanently finding his legs on terra firma, but their loss is the Swimming Club's gain as John has made many friends there and bids fair to rank amongst the topnotchers.

Big event of the month was the Christmas Scramble held on the Thursday prior to the festive day and as usual the show was crowned with success.

Racing was keen, the main event being taken out by Ivor Stanford, who was rewarded with a fitted pic-

nic case presented by Cuth. Godhard, but he only got there by the barest of touches from Hans Robertson who took the prize donated by George Goldie.

Dewar Cup.

So far the contest for this trophy is very close with Vic. Richards just leading from Winston Edwards. Neither has won the trophy yet so here's hoping they can keep their positions. Past winners in Goldie, Godhard, Block and Tarrant are in the first ten but they have the job ahead of them to again lead the field.

Leaders at the end of 1939 were: V. Richards 37, W. S. Edwards 36, G. Goldie 35½, G. McGilvray 35, R. Payne 33, J. Dexter 31, C. Godhard 29½, A. S. Block 29, B. Partridge 26½, C. D. Tarrant 25, J. Buckle 25, T. H. English 22½, R. J. Withycombe 19, N. P. Murphy 18½.

Events down for decision this month are:

January 4th: 40 yards Handicap.
January 11th: 60 yards Handicap.
January 18th: 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap.
January 25th: 40 yards Handicap.

Results.

November 23rd: 40 yards Handicap: A. S. Block (27) 1, W. S. Edwards (23) 2, G. McGilvray (24) 3. Time 24 2/5 secs.

November 30th: 60 yards Handicap: G. McIlvray (38) 1, G. Goldie (53) 2, W. S. Edwards (37) 3. Time 36 1/5 secs.

December 7th: 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: W. S. Edwards and I. Stanford (52) 1, V. Richards and A. S. Block (46) 2, C. D. Tarrant and J. Shaffran (48) 3. Time 50 secs.

December 14th: 40 yards Handicap: S. McCure (22) 1, V. Richards (21) 2, A. S. Block (25) 3. Time 19 2/5 secs.

November-December Point Score:
A. S. Block, 24 pts., 1; V. Richards, 23, 2; G. McGilvray, 21, 3; W. S. Edwards, 20, 4; G. Goldie, 16½, 5; J. Dexter, 14, 6.

Christmas Scramble.

40 yards Handicap: First Final: I. Stanford (30) 1; Hans Robertson (21) 2, C. D. Tarrant (25) 3, T. H. English (25) 4, C. Godhard (23) 5. Time 28 secs. Second Final: G. McGilvray (23) 1, W. S. Edwards (22) 2, J. Shaffran (23) 3. Time 22 secs. Third Final: N. P. Murphy (26) 1, S. Carroll (25) 2, R. Payne (28) 3. Time 25 2/5 secs. Fourth Final: G. Goldie (32) and J. Dexter (22) tie, 1, A. S. Block (24) 3. Times 32 2/5 and 22 2/5 secs.

Consolation Handicap, 6 times across. A. S. Block (24) 1, B. Partridge (21) 2, V. Richards (19) 3. Time 21 secs.

Handball

Under the Chairmanship of Major E. T. Penfold the Handball Club's Annual Dinner in December was a great show.

Good supporting artists helped towards a splendid evening, marked by witty speeches and that fine camaraderie that always marks the efforts of the Club.

A good attendance applauded the presentation of trophies won during the season as follows:

Club Championship: Won by E. Davis; Trophy presented by G. Goldie, E. Rein and J. Patience.

"B" Grade Championship: Won by John Buckle, trophy presented by Alf. Pick.

"C" Grade Championship: Won by W. Buckle, trophy presented by F. Lazarus.

"Spear Chief" Handicap: Won by Lionel Israel, trophy presented by Joe Harris.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAY RACE MEETING RANDWICK

Saturday, 11th May, 1940

PRINCIPAL EVENT—THE JAMES BARNES PLATE

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MILK
CREAM
BUTTER
BREAD
FISH
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the rich, full flavor of
this nourishing ice cream

A product of the **N.S.W.**
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Penguin *The Perfect*
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*A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature
SERIES No. 44.*

Do You Know?

● THAT we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.

● THAT any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.

● THAT you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.

● THAT Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.

● THAT you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.



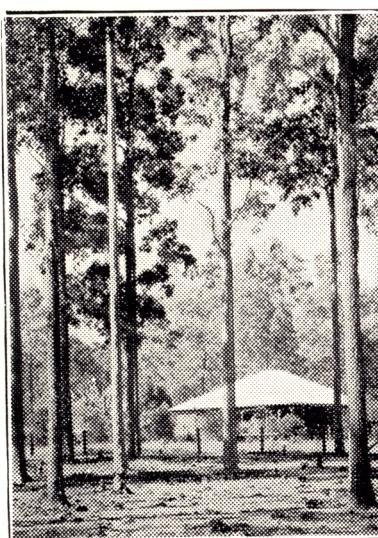
*Loading Logs from Dump in a North Coast Forest.
(Photos. by Govt. Printer.)*

EARLY TIMBER INDUSTRY

THOSE who came first to Australia to settle on the shores of Sydney Cove found stretching away from the coastline a seemingly inexhaustible supply of tall timber. No great time elapsed before the exploitation of this great natural wealth began. The district of Ryde, or Kissing Point, was one of the first areas near Sydney to provide a regular supply of good quality wood for building purposes. In that district huge trees, estimated to be five hundred years or more old, abounded. It was from that district that the timber was obtained which the Rev. Richard Johnson used in the building of Australia's first church, in 1793. During the early part of the nineteenth century the principal Government sawpits were in the Ryde district.

and another working below in the pit. With such huge logs as were selected this first cut often took from as long as one to two and a half days. Next these two halves had to be cut again from end to end, and then the planks ripped from them.

TRANSPORT of the logs and sawn timber proved a long and difficult process. First the timber had to be conveyed to the Parramatta River, usually by medium of bullock teams, where it was loaded on to boats, in the instance of sawn timber, or when logs were being dealt with, lashed to the sides of the timber boats. Then began the slow journey down the river. These cumbersome and inadequately powered vessels were more or less at the mercy of the tides, being powerless to effect progress against the inrush of the river waters, and often took from three to seven days to reach Sydney from Ryde.



Forest Overseer's Home in a State Forest near Lismore.

TO-DAY, when a bare minimum of manual labour is used in such industries, it is difficult to comprehend the difficulties under which timber was obtained during the early years of last century. Mechanical aids were practically unknown, and when the trees were felled they had then to be sawn to the required dimensions by a long and extremely arduous process. First, the great log had to be sawn from end to end down the centre, one man working the saw — often as long as eight feet — from the top

IN the "Sydney Gazette," of March 19, 1803, we read of one of the early attempts to export Australian timber for shipbuilding requirements overseas — "Mr. Moore has received the Governor's instructions to provide a quantity of the best timber that can be procured for shipbuilding. He has already been out to survey and make choice of the wood; and on Monday next a number of carpenters and labourers will begin the work. The trees are to be hewed according to the scale, and put on board his Majesty's ship Glutton, to be conveyed to England. Red and other gums, stringy and iron bark, mahogany, and other hard woods will be selected in preference to any other." Shortly after this Mr. Thomas Moore was appointed "Surveyor of Timber throughout the Colony for Naval Purposes," and in a proclamation the public was notified that "neither him, or any Person employed under his direction, is to be hindered or molested in marking, cutting down, and removing such Trees and Timber as he may fix on. A later proclamation reminded owners of land that it was an offence to cut down any timber which might be considered suitable for Naval purposes which remained the property of the Crown, although they were at liberty to cut down or gather dead timber or trees of inferior quality for the purpose of providing firewood. In fact, during the early years of the timber industry a virtual monopoly was enjoyed by the Government of this lucrative industry.

TO-DAY the preservation of our timber resources is a work of vital importance if a serious timber shortage is not to be faced in the not very remote future. The reckless destruction of more than a century having proved that the timber resources of New South Wales were far from inexhaustible before the insatiable axes of the pioneer and the timber-getter. State forestry undertakings have engaged in the difficult tasks of selective timber production and a gradual process of restoration.

RACING FIXTURES

1940

JANUARY.

Tattersall's Monday, 1st
 Kensington Wednesday, 3rd
 Moorefield Saturday, 6th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 10th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 13th
 Ascot Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 24th
 Australian Jockey Club., Sat., 27th
 Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 29th
 Kensington Wednesday, 31st

FEBRUARY.

Moorefield Saturday, 3rd
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 7th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 10th
 Ascot Wednesday, 14th
 Ascot Saturday, 17th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 21st
 Moorefield Saturday, 24th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 28th

MARCH.

Rosehill Saturday, 2nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 16th
 Ascot Wednesday, 20th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 23rd
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 25th
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 27th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 30th

APRIL.

Rosebery Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Kensington Wednesday, 10th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 13th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 17th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 20th
 Ascot Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 27th

MAY.

Hawkesbury Wednesday, 1st
 Moorefield Saturday, 4th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 8th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 18th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 22nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 25th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 29th

JUNE.

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 15th
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 17th
 Kensington Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

JULY.

Ascot Wednesday, 3rd
 Kensington Saturday, 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Moorefield Saturday, 13th
 Kensington Wednesday, 17th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 20th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 24th
 Rosebery Saturday, 27th
 Ascot Wednesday, 31st

AUGUST.

Moorefield Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 7th
 Rosehill Saturday, 10th
 Kensington Wednesday, 14th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 17th
 Ascot Wednesday, 21st
 Moorefield Saturday, 24th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 28th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 31st

SEPTEMBER.

Rosebery Wednesday, 4th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 14th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 25th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 28th

OCTOBER.

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 5th
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 7th
 (Eight-Hours Day)
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 9th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 12th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 16th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 19th
 Kensington Wednesday, 23rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 26th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 Ascot Wednesday, 6th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 9th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 13th
 Rosehill Saturday, 16th
 Kensington Wednesday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd
 Rosebery Monday, 25th
 Howkesbury Wednesday, 27th
 Rosehill Saturday, 30th

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 11th
 Rosehill Saturday, 14th
 Ascot Wednesday, 18th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 21st
 Australian Jockey Club, Thurs., 26th
 (Boxing Day)
 Tattersall's Saturday, 28th

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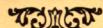
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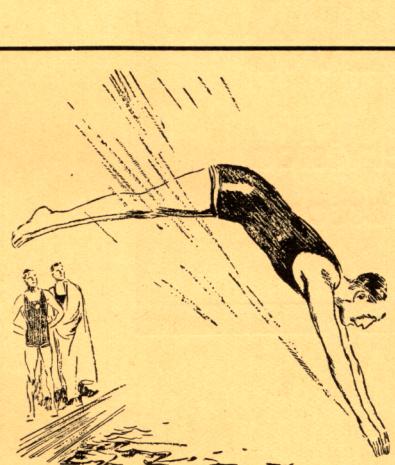
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